

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A SOLDIER RETURNS

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.
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CAPT. JOHN GAVIN dropped into a great wicker chair in the tearoom in Oxford street. His crutch, terribly new to him, was taken with an impulse of swift tenderness by a girl sitting in the chair near him. Gavin nodded silent thanks; he lying out there under the elderdown being helped.

The girl returned to her seat, her eyes hovering over the soldier with a soft glow of which he was quite unconscious.

Gavin had come back from the war crippled, sorely unnerved and deploring the fate that had sent him back at all. He desired more than anything else to be lying out there under the elderdown of bloodstained earth that covered Stanley, Drake and Malone. Three of the finest pals ever given to man had been left on the battlefield sleeping the endless sleep. Gavin had left a leg with his pals, and with that bitter-sweet thought a smile of utter loneliness and pain crept into his eyes. He gazed at the many people drinking tea, but in a remote, impersonal way. His thoughts were still hovering over the battlefield where the splendid bodies of Drake and Malone and Stanley were quickly turning to dust.

A blind, impotent rage had kept Gavin's brain at fever heat since after the amputation of his leg; he knew he could never return to avenge the death of his pals nor of the many brave men fighting. Cruel self pity lashed him down finally into torpid inactivity and depression.

So remote was Gavin in sense from his surroundings that he did not hear the girl who had approached. She had come to him from a nearby table at which were many laughing people. She addressed him a third time, and with that effort Gavin struggled swiftly for his crutch and would have risen had not her hand motioned him quickly to remain seated. She dropped into the chair opposite.

Gavin was shy to the extent of brusqueness with women. He feared their wistful eyes far more than enemy gunfire or the lion's jaw. And now, taken unawares, charged as it were from ambush, he colored a fine, dusky red.

The girl, Polly Malone, felt a lump rise in her throat. "These brave men—what children they are," she thought tenderly.

"Please forgive me," she apologized. A softened American accent drifted along with her words. "Is there a chance, just a vague hope, that you could have known my dear, dear brother? I see you are of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and he—"

"She closed her eyes for a second; then Gavin saw the finest little smile he had ever seen breaking through the unshed tears—"He tell with them."

A quick, wonderful light leapt into Gavin's eyes. His face was transformed. That sweet smile struggling over the pain had been in Jimmy Malone's eyes that starry night on the battlefield when, with Gavin's arms supporting him, he had entered the Great Rest.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," he called softly and with both hands outstretched he

MILADY'LL TOTE STICK



BY BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—A long walking coat or ulsterette, while very full, has been designed by Brandt of Paris to give the long lines absolutely necessary to the fall silhouette. The coat, shown at the Ritz-Carillon fashion show, is made of midnight blue wool material, with an overcoat of white thread, and is trimmed with cording of black and white striped velvet.

No young woman who pretends to be up to date will appear upon the street without a cane or swagger stick. It may be expected that a girl who goes in for the fashions will rival her brother in her collection of walking sticks.

grasped those of the girl. That haunting likeness to his pal quite unnerved him. He was not conscious of the warmth of his clasp. He knew only that he was touching some one who was kin to Jimmy Malone. The world was suddenly flooded with gold, and Capt. Gavin felt for the first time in many weary, heart-sick weeks his soul stirring within him.

He forgot his shyness with women; forgot everything that was past and ugly, while he was in the presence of Polly Malone. His nature, sensitized by acute suffering, felt the soothing charm of Jimmy Malone drifting through the person of Polly. Through Jimmy's sister Jimmy was reaching across the gulf of Gavin and offering him, if not the muscle and bone of himself, then surely the essence of their friendship.

"I was sitting here deploring the un-

derful fate that allowed me to live," he said frankly, "and now, because you have spoken to me, I no longer want to die. Strange," he added thoughtfully, "how a few simple words with the glance from sincere eyes can illumine the world."

Polly Malone said nothing. She was touched to the heart by the quick response in Gavin's nature. This little flurried call to friendship had made a different man of him. His need had been grave. In her heart Polly was thankful for the strength that had prompted her to address him.

"Had you not worn your uniform," she said shyly, "I would not have known—"

"I hate taking it off and getting into muffs," he replied quickly; "I seem nearer the chaps out there—with khaki on."

Polly swallowed hard. She must be a soldier for she was facing one. The depths of his hurt lay in those simple words. His life and soul were still in khaki, fighting the enemy while his body, crippled and unnerved, was lashed back in physical inability.

He told her of heroic deeds, beautiful stories of self sacrifice for God and the good of man. The terrific havoc of warfare was made to seem but the glorious fight for eternal good, the struggle for supreme civilization and honor. The triumph and grandeur of a clarion note sounded through his words. Polly sat quietly and listened.

"And, Jimmy," he added softly, "brave old Jimmy saved our entire battalion that night. He went on a reconnoitering tour alone, and lone-handedly he fought the enemy trench. But they got him, the fiends, by holding the flag of truce—and Jimmy—tell me, command then, and we fought like devils, his gone mad. When the skirmish was over I found Jimmy and held him in my arms while he smiled through the pain—that brave, brave smile of the Borderland."

"Captain Gavin," Polly faltered eagerly, "you have lighted a great big torch for me. I have been fighting depression, grief and an overpowering sense of defeat. This horrible ache, ache, ache for Jimmy has sickened me until I longed for oblivion. It was weak, I know, but I loved Jimmy with my entire being; he was pal, brother and friend. We had been together all our lives—just he and I." She paused while the brave little smile again struggled through the pain.

Captain Gavin drew a heavy breath. There were fragments of emotion flying about him much like the bits of shrapnel from a bursting bomb. His smile was slow and searching.

"But now," continued Polly, "you have brought Jimmy back to me in a way that makes me ashamed of my weakness. His body is lost to me, but—"

"His soul is shining right in your eyes," Gavin said softly, "the soul of a soldier. I think between us—little sister of Jimmy Malone—we are going to patch up quite a remarkable friendship."

"It is not going to require a great number of patches," Polly commented shyly; "it is charmingly whole even now. And when you come to see me every day and ride and drive and chat with me and I try to make you forget the nerve-tearing part of war—perhaps you will find any holes in our friendship that need patching."

The searching smile deepened in Gavin's eyes. Behind it, however, was a trend of thought that Polly intuitively followed. She knew that he was going to ascertain for a certainty that his mind and body were going to respond to the call of health and strength before serious affection matured. He would never, she realized, offer her the fragments of a real life. Being of an expressive nature, Polly gave voice to her thoughts.

"You know," she said wistfully, "I shall always feel very, very small and humble beside you. You have suffered

SALTED CORN

Water-tight kegs or tubs, or crocks, may be used for salting corn. Do not use any containers made of yellow or pitch pine. Wash thoroughly and steam kegs, crocks, or other containers to be used.

Husk the ears of corn and remove the silk. Cook in boiling water for 10 minutes. Cut corn from cob with a sharp knife. Weigh the corn.

Use a quantity of salt equal to one-fourth weight of corn. Spread a layer of corn 1 inch thick in the receptacle to be used. Sprinkle heavily with salt.

Continue adding layers of corn and salt, until the receptacle is nearly full.

Cover with cheesecloth and clean board cover. Place a clean stone for a weight on the board cover.

Set the receptacle in a cool place. If a brine to cover has not formed in 24 hours, pour enough strong brine over the corn to come up to the wooden cover.

As soon as bubbling, which will be slight, has stopped cover the surface of the brine with hot paraffin to form an air-tight cover.

To Make Strong Brine:

1 pound salt.

2 quarts water.

Stir until salt is entirely dissolved.

DON'T MISS ANY STEP.

Cut this out NOW and save it. Watch for tomorrow's directions.

mentally, physically and given your blood and bones and muscles in this great fight for humanity, while I—

"Don't say anything against Jimmy Malone's sister," Gavin requested quickly, "she will some day command a sturdy little army of her own, and where will a poor, battle-scarred soldier be then?" He looked with disturbing warmth deep into Polly's eyes.

"Not too far away—I hope," she managed to say before the onslaught of emotion held them both in silent understanding.

MONONGAH

On Business Trip.

Mrs. Max Bear and son Emanuel are on a business trip to the east. Mrs. Bear will purchase fall goods for the Bear department store. They will visit in Washington, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other points before returning.

Attended Circus.

Several from Monongah were in Fairmont yesterday attending the performance of the Sells Floto circus. Many went to Fairmont in the morning, seeing the parade and then returning. Most of the local people that saw the circus attended in the evening returning on the last car.

Sending Invitations.

The committee from the local Degree of Pocomonts are busy carrying out the final arrangements for the farewell to be given the young men from this town who will make up the new draft army. Invitations for the event are being mailed today.

Personals.

George Lambert was among the Monongah callers in Fairmont yesterday attending the circus.

Morris Silverman was among the out of town social callers in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Miss Adrain Talbott was in Fairmont yesterday evening calling on friends.

Homer Morris of near Monongah was in town yesterday afternoon en route to Fairmont on a business trip.

Miss Isola Gandy was in Fairmont yesterday evening as a social caller.

Charles Munden of Fairmont was in Monongah yesterday evening calling on friends.

Charles White was among the Monongah business transactors in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Thomas Harden was in Fairmont yesterday evening attending to business.

Ernest Riggins was among the local people to go to Fairmont yesterday evening to attend the circus.

Jake Fletcher was in Fairmont yesterday afternoon as a social caller.

HEALTH HINTS

This is the season when flies begin to seek indoor shelter. This will be particularly noticeable as the fall rains come and the nights become cold. During the warm days they have been out in the open living their customary life on refuse from man and beast.

Look over all the screens to see that they are in perfect repair and use every possible means to kill off the flies that have gained entrance indoors.

The anatomy of the fly is interesting in the fact that its foot is formed to pick up a minimum of filth. This minimum, however, is large enough to be dangerous. When it lights on the ceiling the fly secretes a substance that enables it to hold on closely.

When it lights on wet material these glands are inactive and there is very little attraction to the filth. As a result of this when the first microscopic examinations were made there was some doubt thrown on the theory of there being danger of flies carrying disease germs.

Better laboratory demonstrations, however, have shown that notwithstanding nature has modeled the fly's foot to protect the insect against carrying undue weight during its flight, it does carry the germs of disease and should be guarded against with the greatest of care.

First, one must not forget the fact that flies seek filthy places from which to obtain their food. Second, that they take advantage of the civilization of man to protect themselves against the weather, both in regard to dampness and temperature. It is for this reason that fall must be considered one of the most dangerous of fly seasons.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—"I heard of Dr. Pierce's remedies and used them when living in Ridgway, W. Va., where we kept a store. I was in a delicate way and 'Favorite Prescription' with 'Golden Medical Discovery' made me comfortable and built me up."

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